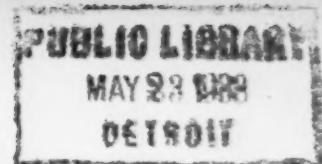


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Notes of the Week

If anything at all comes out of the tangle of conversations and telephone calls now going on or recently undertaken with Mr.

Qui trans mare currunt Ramsay MacDonald, Dr. Rosenberg, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Norman Davies, Lord Hailsham, Sir John

Simon and Sir Robert Vansittart as "characters"—not necessarily in the order of their appearance—there are few real Conservatives left to hope that it will be to our advantage. The Tariff Truce seems to have changed colour on crossing and re-crossing the Atlantic, and so does the Prime Minister's notion of how best to deal with a Hitlerised Germany. For while Dr. Rosenberg, who seems destined to be Hitler's Foreign Minister, was spanked soundly by Mr. Norman Davies, Sir John Simon, Lord Hailsham and Sir Robert Vansittart seem to have listened to him in a comparatively *morne silence*. And Mr. MacDonald has failed disastrously with his nebulous vapourings in the House of Commons. Even his press gang have no good word for them.

**

Two ghosts still haunt the Government—India and the Co-ops. As for India, the real crisis

Ghosts that walk comes in June when the Central Council of Conservative Associations has its meeting. Then it is probable that Mr. Baldwin himself

will be compelled to take up the parable on which Sir Samuel Hoare so narrowly escaped defeat. And, no doubt, he will turn Indian policy into a vote of confidence in himself and his leadership, parading all the sentimental follies which "Kim" tears to pieces on another page. Even so, he will have his political life in his hands, for resentment in the constituencies is growing all the time.

And Mr. Baldwin's address to the Executive of the National Union on Thursday is in another category. What is important is that local associations should not allow themselves to be put out of court. If they want to be heard, they must meet and endorse a resolution which must be transmitted to the Secretary of the Council of the Conservative Central Office at least a fortnight before the meeting. Otherwise the resolution cannot appear on the agenda. And there are only six weeks in which to act.

**

As for the Co-ops., the whole dilemma is really created by the Prime Minister's real or alleged pledge to resign. At the General

Those "Pledges"! Election in Seaham Harbour a woman heckler asked him a question and he promised (as it is said)

to resign if further taxation was imposed on co-operatives. Mr. MacDonald himself asserts that the question concerned the taxation of co-operative dividends. The only report in the *News-Chronicle* did not include the word "dividends," and a shorthand note taken by a co-operative also omitted it. So there it is—what they call an imbroglio. History repeats itself. Mr. Baldwin was once flummoxed by his foolish pledges and now his chief and ally is hoist with a similar petard. If the Cabinet have really decided to stand by the Raeburn Report, so much the better. Courage pays—and makes others pay.

**

The question of trade negotiations with Spain was recently raised in the House of Commons,

Our trade with Spain and it is to be hoped that for once the real interests of this country will be considered. At present we are Spain's best customer. We buy from her twice as much as she buys from us,

and that when Spain has in the whole world an adverse trade balance. In fact, it is our purchases from Spain that finance her purchases from other countries such as Germany and the U.S.A. There is much that Spain buys elsewhere which she can buy over here, and never had a nation a stronger claim for preferential treatment than Great Britain. This is no case for the most favoured nation treatment, which is really obsolete to-day, but for extra-special tariff advantages.

**

The Literary Editor of the *Saturday Review* has been addressed from Moscow twice within five days. This is, on the face of it, no

"Bustling Moscow" deliberate attempt to lure an important member of our staff to the Third Degree, the Dungeon, and

a State trial, but a more insidious allurement. What comes through the post—in exactly the same form each time—is an advertisement of the delights of travel in Soviet Russia, to be enjoyed vicariously in "Soviet Travel," an illustrated bi-monthly magazine issued from 11, Gorky Street, Moscow. On this occasion the written English is impeccable. But when one is asked to make "vivid journeys from the sparkling ice-fields of the Arctic" (here is a piece of a map) "to the gleaming minarets of Samarkand" (here is a drawing of a camel or a dromedary) to "see bustling Moscow" (drawing of a mosque or a cathedral or a Kremlin) "stately Leningrad" (drawing of an equestrian statue) one may be forgiven for preferring the suburbs and the sea. Are there very acute brains in Moscow to-day? If so, there is not enough sense of humour to see the absurdity of such invitations at such a time. Never mind. Let us have more of them. They waste a little of the Stalinite financial resources.

**

The confusion of departmental policy in the organisation of the police forces may or may not be straightened out as a sequel to

When constabulary duty's to be done the Trenchard proposals. The

"S.R." was two years ago pleading for the abolition of tiny forces like those of Guildford and Salisbury and for unification of the C.I.D. on a national scale. The Birmingham "fence," or receiver of stolen goods, the key man in the business, buys from Bristol's gangsters or from Leeds' cat-burglar. And crime being national, detection must be so to beat it. But while Sir John Gilmour is busy vetoing appointment to the office of Chief Constable of a great city or a county force unless the candidate has had actual experience preferably in the ranks for two years, a wise *sine qua non*, he is sponsoring the Trenchard scheme to fill the hierarchy at Scotland Yard from outside. That "officer class" phrase was a gross stupidity, and Lady

Houston's defence of the plain police constable translates exactly the mind and heart of the public.

One wonders if the Judges have been asked if they can help public counsel with their experienced views. They know the "Yard" better than most assistant commissioners. As those who know the Courts can best appreciate, the public is always suspicious of the Police. They often have to act in such a way as to seem to be "against the crowd." And the staff college aimed at is more suitable for the C.I.D., which does need mental self-discipline, than for station-sergeants and divisional inspectors, who always need humanity.

**

Hush!

[Nightingales are in full song in Hampshire.]

The nightingale is singing in the dell,

The shrike's a-quiver with a topmost C.

Oh, keep it dark—be silent—do not tell

The urban ferrets of the B.B.C.

**

The position of the Polish Government, writes a Warsaw correspondent, has been greatly strengthened during the past weeks.

Poland To-day It is not that the Government has done anything to earn merit, but

the debate on Revision in the House of Commons has shown that the Powers have by no means lost sight of Poland and its problems, and the attention focussed thereon is regarded as a feather in the Government's hat. It had been feared that Polish foreign policy had not been effective in impressing Europe with Polish views. The re-election of Professor Moscicki, Marshal Pilsudski's nominee, was a foregone conclusion.

It is quite certain that the Poles will defend their frontiers as defined by Treaty. It does not appear, however, that there is any danger of hot-headed action on the part of Poland. Unless actually attacked, they will refer difficulties to the League of Nations rather than have recourse to arms. English observers are apt to regard Beck as a sabre-rattling politician with strings pulled by Pilsudski, but he is in fact a capable soldier who co-operates well with Pilsudski.

**

No country knows more about Russia than Poland, owing to the continuous and unbroken relations between the Ukraine and

U.S.S.R. and Poland the Polish Ukrainians. They have no illusions as to the U.S.S.R.

The Bank of Poland has gradually reduced to a minimum all trade credits advanced for trade with Russia, expecting default some day or other, but Poland is quite ready to supply goods

for cash. A commission, headed by Tamarin, the Second Commissar for Commerce, is touring Poland and inspecting factories with a view to the replacement of goods hitherto obtained from Germany. A few small orders have been already placed.

**

The Nazis of Danzig were instructed last March to capture a majority in the elections of the Senate, which take place on May 28th.

Danzig Elections They were then to declare the union of Danzig with East Prussia. The debate in the House of Commons has caused a certain hesitation and it is not believed that Hitler would dare to take such a step in view of the attitude of the Powers. He may, however, find himself face to face with a *fait accompli*, if the Nazi hotheads of Danzig have their way. In this case, it is understood, Poland would take no active steps, but would refer the matter to the Powers for settlement. The Danzig elections are being closely followed by Allied diplomats in Poland and May 28th may prove a date of serious import.

**

Mr. Herbert Hughes writes: "A new German dancer, Harald Kreutzberg, has been appearing at the Arts Theatre. His is an intensely individual art, a curious combination of mime and dance, depending as much upon posture as movement, upon intellectual concepts as upon colour and design. Naturally it is an art with strict limitations, but the suggestive beauty and synthesis of such pieces as the "Angel of the Annunciation" and "Capriccio" compensated for the somewhat loose interpretation, for example, of the more formal Hungarian Dances, which have their own traditional obligations."

**

A Kent flower-grower remarked the other day that so far the only advantage he had received from protection was that he had had to pay more for his Dutch bulbs, which he was bound to buy, while flower prices were lower than ever. He will be encouraged to hear that before long the tariff will have begun to help the home market. The bulb grower in this country is beginning to build up his industry. Previously, the home product could only supply one-tenth of the demand and the best bulbs came from abroad. Now it has been proved in Lincolnshire that as good bulbs can be grown in England as in Holland, and already 2,500 acres are under this cultivation. Will any Free Trader suggest that without a tariff this discovery would ever have been made?

In a lecture on "The Sense of Hearing in Animals," at the Institute of Education, Dr. Beatty, who is one of the world's foremost authorities on this subject, told his audience many interesting facts. Grasshoppers carry

Acoustical Oddities their ears on their legs, and sea-lions can be trained to detect submarines. Snakes do not appreciate music, but keep time with the swaying of the musician's body. The noise of an oyster bed, clapping its shells, is deafening! Dr. Beatty is of the opinion that man's sense of hearing is definitely on the down grade. Our greater discrimination of speech values is purchased at the expense of our sensitiveness to differences of tone and of pitch. It seems to be a case of speech versus music. It was interesting to note the similarity in the structure of the organs of hearing in the most diverse animals. This must have been pleasing to the Bergsonians among the audience.

The only unfortunate feature of an otherwise excellent lecture was that Dr. Beatty tended to assume that his audience's sense of hearing was as acute as that of some of the animals he has studied so ably.

**

Everyone knows that the prickly pear has for years been one of Australia's most difficult problems. Sixty million acres of pasture land have been lost since the first introduction of the cactus. Recently "biological control" has been tried and a parasitic insect, Cactoblastis, has been introduced. By the end of 1930 three thousand million eggs had been distributed. Now, in Queensland about four-fifths of the prickly pear has been destroyed and in New South Wales about a half. The problem, however, is not yet completely solved. Firstly, not all varieties of the cactus are liable to attack; secondly, Cactoblastis may itself be destroyed by other parasites. Again, the roots of the plant are not affected and re-growth is always possible when the insects die. Entomologists have therefore been sent to South America to look for new parasites. There is still another great danger. One never knows what will happen when once the balance of nature has been upset. Cactoblastis apparently will only feed on Cactus. But when it is deprived of its normal food, what will happen?

**

In spite of a vast amount of research, we still do not know much about the origin of petroleum. A very old suggestion is that it is formed by the decay of animal matter. This theory has lately received new strength from a report published by the U.S. Geological Survey. About 25 years ago, a boat loaded with herrings went down off the Alaskan coast, and dredging has now

What is Oil?

formed by the decay of animal matter. This theory has lately received new strength from a report

brought up a paraffin-like material which was apparently formed by the interaction of the herring fat and sea water. A really good theory of petroleum formation would be helpful to geologists since it would presumably aid them in locating new sources of supply. Of course, whether this would be a good thing or a bad thing even our most learned economists would be unable to decide !

**

" The Council's ideal is to distribute light to everybody, the only exception being a few shepherds' cottages tucked away in the hills." With these words was ushered in the £410,000 electricity scheme of the Dumfries County

Council. Deeds followed words, and but a few months back Sir Andrew Duncan, the Chairman of the Central Electricity Board, travelled to Dumfries and, turning a switch, said " Let there be light—and there was light," and, not content with this momentous utterance, Sir Andrew congratulated the County Council on their vision. Up to this stage of the Scheme there was such a feeling of relief that the County Council had by its vision obviated any chance of a private electricity company coming in which might only distribute electricity where such distribution was a paying proposition. Private enterprise was snubbed and a public body—yes, a County Council at that—would distribute light to everybody (saving the few shepherds' cottages).

**

But at the last County Council meeting, the inevitable and tragic tale of the amateur trying to run an intricate business had to be told. Estimates of revenue could not be realised, and if the Scheme was to go on it would involve the ratepayers in an extra rate of *two shillings in the pound* for many years to come. The County Councillors took fright at the position disclosed and decided not to proceed unless some guarantee of revenue was forthcoming from consumers. A vulgar commercial attitude to take up after the brave words with which the scheme was inaugurated. Indeed, one member of the County Council appreciated the sordidness of the new proposals and said : " These new proposals seem to me to be more in the nature of a commercial scheme than for the general distribution throughout the county of electricity which the original scheme anticipated."

Thus and thus with the examples of the North-West Midlands Joint Electricity Authority and the London and Home Counties Joint Electricity Authority, it is gradually dawning upon the poor electricity consumer that he might require protection from the muddle-headed politicians (usually of a very local calibre) who appear to see in the Elec-

tric Supply Industry an easy path to the limelight (again usually of a very local calibre) irrespective of any financial responsibility to themselves. Make a man responsible to a body of shareholders, and the chances of success are possible : make a man responsible to a Government Department or an electorate and the chances of success are—nil.

**

Nothing could be imagined more deplorable than the new outbreak of controversy and complaining

over the thrice accursed Test Matches. The Australian Press re-started the whole sordid boresome business. The members of our team are continuing it. Mr. Jardine is going to write a book ; Mr. Larwood is going to write a series of articles ; Mr. Tate first makes a dignified statement and then, thinking worse of it, gives a different version of events. Not without excuse many of our fellows seem to have been plunged into a severe attack of hysteria, in which they imagine not only that they are saints and martyrs, but that the whole universe revolves round their cricket.

**

We do not want to be mistaken. Our sympathies in the wretched squabble have been and are wholly with our own cricketers. If

A Plague On All Their Houses we do not publish again a perfectly candid view of the Australian crowds, the Australian Board of Control, and the whole " body-line bowling " or " leg-theory " squabble, that is because the absurdity of exalting it all into an Imperial quarrel of tragic significance is obvious—and because the whole thing has become such a dreadful bore. What is maddening is that our Jardines, Larwoods and Tates should have allowed themselves to be stung or pushed into this egotistical loquacity. And for this Mr. J. H. Thomas (who made himself ridiculous) and the M.C.C. (who have fallen into a self-important pomposity) must share some blame. Anyhow, let us hope again that Test Matches and tours are dead for some time. If they live they will kill cricket.

**

It is very proper for the General Secretary of the Taxi-Drivers' League to " put in a word on behalf of the sadly-maligned London taxicab " and to counter Lord

Growlers and Gondolas Elibank's attack with comforting statistics of comfortable conveniences. But, admitting that " at least one third of the present London fleet consists of practically new stock " and that—in some of them—" their equipment includes such modern accessories as silent third-speed gears, safety glass, the new rubber upholstery, centre arm rests and chromium plated fittings," we may still be allowed to curse when we find ourselves bumped about and bone-twisted in

a slow, noisy, springless, hard-seated and hard-hearted, fierce-clutched, ancient and decrepit taxi-cab which has no right to the same scale of fares as its younger colleague. And there are still too many of these too genuine antiques.

* * *

The Guildhall Music Student deserves the support of all musicians as well as of those to whom its title makes a direct appeal. **Music in the Nursery** "My Earliest Recollections of Music" supplies a feature which more pretentious journals might be glad to imitate. Dr. H. C. Colles, music critic to *The Times*, has memories at four of the parish church organ and the bearded organist who taught him not the piano, but musical appreciation. Mr. Herbert Hughes tells us of his childhood: "Belfast in the middle 'eighties. My chin reaching up to the keyboard while I listened enraptured to a pianist friend of the family playing very fast music." Mr. Geoffrey Toye does not remember learning the piano or the elements of music any more than most people remember learning to speak. He holds the theory that almost all children in England have a natural instinct for music, but that this fades away if it is not developed at a very early age.

* * *

"We will"—so the Agencia Periodistica International of Buenos Aires warns us in a circular letter—"be brief and business-like." That promises well. So **Exclusivity** does the statement that "we desire to be capable collaborators and active correspondents of your publication." But when we are asked "Have you ever thought of the importance and greater expansion that your newspaper would obtain if you could announce in big characters, 'We have secured the EXCLUSIVITY of the best American writers' frequent collaborations'?" we are bound to confess that the answer is in the negative. Naturally we are moved by the assurance that "we dispose of a number of editors and collaborators" and that "the prices of these other services are absolutely convenient." Asked "why don't you advance to the rest of the newspapers of your zone of influence," we had imagined—if we understand correctly what may be a rhetorical as well as an idiomatic interrogation—that we did.

* * *

But this communication suggests something more important and more encouraging than "exclusivity" of "chronicles" from **The motes in other eyes** South America. From the Prince of Wales downwards there are many counsellors, by spoken and written word, who warn us that unless our manufacturers and traders mend their ways, our

commerce with the Argentine and other foreign countries cannot prosper fully. The advice is to pull up our socks in learning other languages, studying individual needs, translating terms into their currencies, and adapting our insular notions to continental standards. We believe all such advice to be sound and the implied accusation against our traders and our consular services to be justified. But it is something to receive such proof as we have quoted that we are not the only pebbles on the beaches of stupidity and that even our rivals have motes in their eyes.

* * *

Rhyming to Order

[The next important point is that all verse, especially humorous, must be rhymed as often as possible. The best rule is "Leave no line unrhymed." It is waste of time to write blank verse.—*World's Press News*.]

I should be the last to deny to the *World's Press News*
Its undoubted right to its own (if somewhat peculiar) views
As to the form of verse a humorous poet should use,
But when it lays down rules, that is quite another pair of shoes.
The above is evidently an individual opinion—I don't know whose—
For to the identity of the writer I have no clues,
Although I have no doubt, whoever he is, he pooh-poohs
The rhymed couplets which you are here accustomed to peruse
As being too, too easy. Let me tell him however that should I choose
I could bore him stiff with one rhyme only till I fancy (or may I say I "jalouse?")
It would send him to sleep (or at least cause him to snooze).
I could for instance without resorting to any trick or ruse
Fiercely accuse
Hitler of ill-treating the Jews,
Then after chatting about the University Crews (Whom I would naturally refer to as "the Rival Blues"),
I would pass on to a discussion of Irish and other succulent stews.
And after contrasting our own police force with that of the Ogpis
I would compare the existence of wild animals in the London and provincial Zoos,
And having given my own reasons for the Church's Empty Pews
I would sing the praises of Lilac-time in various gardens (especially Kew's).
But I am not going to do any of these things, for I absolutely refuse
To abuse
The good nature of an overworked and long suffering Muse
Whose services I should be extremely sorry to lose.

W. HODGSON BURNET.

In Praise of the London Police

By Lady Houston, D.B.E.

I AM not easily surprised—but when I read that Lord Trenchard thinks it desirable that a better "class" of men should be introduced into the Police Force—I was flabbergasted!

For I know the Police—better than most people—and Lord Trenchard may search the wide world over but he will never find a better class of man anywhere than the London "Bobby"—for he does not exist!

If he is looking for a Sherlock Holmes—although these are few and far between in any class—I am sure they could be found within the Police Force quite as soon as in any other class of men; for some of the most intelligent men I have ever spoken to have been policemen and I do not suppose that Lord Trenchard is hankering after men of the class of the Oxford Union youths.

A policeman has to be alert and observant from the beginning—much more so than in any other calling—and I cannot imagine a better training for sharpening the intelligence.

"Tell me" said I to a police constable friend of mine "Why do all of you seem to dislike Lord Trenchard"? "Because he is not interested in us" was the reply, "Lord Byng was so different. We all felt that he was our friend and that he was interested in everything concerning us and it is just that 'one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin' that was the immense difference between the two men. It is not fair to us to have a Chief who we cannot feel is our friend—and that is exactly how we feel about Lord Trenchard."

It is not fair to men who have joined the Police Force with the understanding that they can—if they are capable—advance to the highest positions that this bombshell should now be flung at them.

The London policeman is appealed to by everyone—no matter what they want to know or where they want to go and he is never at a loss to help and assist all those who ask his aid.

Foreigners when they come to London always say what they admire most is the efficiency of the London policeman. Is Lord Trenchard right in wanting to change them? Most emphatically NO!

Is it Worth While Losing India in Order to Keep Mr. Baldwin?

By Kim

WE are constantly hearing a great deal about the political sincerity of Mr. Baldwin.

It seems to be one of those accepted clichés to which Englishmen are so addicted that the present Conservative leader may be slow thinking, may get us into frightful situations because of his weaknesses as a negotiator, may be wrong-headed, even as when he inflicted the Flapper Vote on a long suffering nation, but, nevertheless, so to speak, his "heart's right there."

Well . . . is it? Is the general impression of the Squire of Bewdley even tolerably correct? I should hate to strike any discordant note amid the conventional paeon of praise, aided apparently by the placid acceptance of his unassailable indispensability on the part of the right Hon. Gentleman himself. I am afraid I have many doubts and not the least of them his extraordinary attitude for a considerable period in regard to the Government's Defeatist policy in India, adopted neck and crop, one might say, from the late Socialist Government. No apology I feel is needed in coupling Mr. Baldwin's name with the Indian problem, for the situation is severely strained and unless drastic steps are taken without delay we shall wake up one fine morning and discover that the whole business of scuttle has been settled behind our backs, just as

last week we found to our dismay that the Danes and the Germans and the Argentines had, through the kind offices of Mr. Runciman, fixed a perfectly delightful series of new Trade Pacts which give them our markets Scot free in return for an almost contemptible *quid pro quo*.

There was a time when Mr. Baldwin was very meticulous on the subject of mandates. When the Conservative Party demanded tariffs he kept on saying he had no mandate. He certainly has no mandate whatsoever to sacrifice the life of one British subject in India, or jeopardise our security by the value of a rupee. How is it that he is endeavouring mainly by his queer way of pushing obstinately onwards, often by subterranean paths, to foist a policy on the Party which is not authorised and is distasteful to the great bulk of the rank and file? Is this an act of sincerity?

The leader of the Conservative party, if he is as sincere and conscientious as his apologists would have it, would surely not foist any policy of first rate importance on his Party unless or until they had approved of it? If his convictions in regard to India are so strong that he must urge them at all costs, he should then ascertain the wishes of his followers and if they do not agree, should either abandon his views or resign from a leadership now become oppressive.

Yet what do we see? Only after a severe struggle and by a narrow margin was a vote of confidence secured even from the Council of the National Union of Conservative Associations. I say "even" because it is commonly known that that body is entirely influenced by the Central Office. The Junior "Imps," who embrace a large membership and are a vital fighting force to Conservatism, disapproved of Mr. Baldwin's policy by a huge majority. Up and down the country the constituencies are in revolt, in varying degrees, from Horsham, which castigated Lord Winterton severely, to places generally unruffled on such subjects. And when the Central Council meet again at the end of June it looks as though Sir Samuel Hoare will receive the vote of censure he escaped in February.

I should have liked to be able to examine the speech Mr. Baldwin delivered during the debate on Indian Constitutional Reform, because it was so truly characteristic of him. Throughout, his attitude was "As you did this you must do that!" He said, "It is a new India, and that is the thing with which we have to reckon." But Mr. Baldwin does not know India. Unlike those of us who hold our opinions through knowledge of this vast sub-continent, he has never been near it. Indeed, without wishing to do the Lord President any injustice I believe his foreign excursions have been almost limited to Aix les Bains except for one famous adventure in Washington. When he talks of the "New India," he is placing out of all proportion the froth and noise of the agitators, who, truly oriental, thrive on weakness and tolerance. There are, in India to-day, over 300,000,000 of brown humanity, sublimely ignorant, a prey to every superstition, slaves to the Brahmins and the Marwarries, who will be ground under the most intolerable tyranny if there is any weakening in the centre.

The trouble in India for a great many years has been the weakness of successive governments in London with Liberal ideas, a succession of Viceroys from Lord Minto to Lord Irwin, who have conceded to threats and failed to punish with the severity it needed, the terrorism of assassins. Soldiers who have protected life and property have been ruthlessly cashiered, until to-day the Sahibs are constantly in danger of their lives to say nothing of their property. Lord Willingdon provides a refreshing contrast to Lord Irwin, who is a dangerous sentimental, and many think a traitor to his class, but we need more firmness yet. Mr. Baldwin, meantime, lost to all sense of proportion, argues along a sliding scale of surrender. In the face of expert knowledge he has conceded this and that and promised something else—always without a mandate recollect—and now he holds up his hands in trepidation and with chattering teeth says, in effect, "We must give in or we shall lose India." Oh ye of little faith!

Let me imagine an alternative.

Suppose Lord Lloyd were Viceroy of India, and given a free hand by a Conservative Cabinet alive to their responsibilities not only to the natives but to British interests at home. A man like Lord Lloyd would not tolerate terrorism for an instant, nor savage and vindictive strikes. He would not moan and groan whilst the hundreds of millions of British capital were being imperilled through the ineptitude of an amiable old gentleman in London.

The sad truth is that Mr. Baldwin's affinities lean definitely towards a sloppy Liberalism if not Socialism. He is prostituting Conservatism to Internationalism and surrender.

It is the definite duty of the Conservative Party to request Mr. Baldwin to resign. Otherwise they will be split into pieces with infinite tragedy to the nation as a whole.

Road Transport Under Discipline

By Captain Bernard Acworth

IN a recent article in the *Saturday Review* I considered very briefly Road Transport operating, as for many years it has operated, under the "Jolly Roger."

In common with many others who do not hold a brief for piracy, I have been accused of desiring to obstruct "Progress" and of having a mediæval mind incapable of tolerating anything more modern than the horse. Such a line of attack on critics of existing road Bolshevism can hardly carry weight with intelligent people who appreciate that it is not mechanical vehicles, but lawlessness in their use, which I have criticised.

In this article I should like to consider briefly the question of Road Transport under discipline, and by discipline I do not allude to the arbitrary tyranny of individuals, often interested individuals, who would impose restrictions on the number and

weight of vehicles which, in their opinion, should be permitted to ply their trade in what is called "The public interest." The discipline to which I refer is the discipline of genuine economics which may be defined as the law of supply and demand operating upon the sound old-fashioned principle of complete self-support. To self-support we should add such independence as is compatible with the strict observance of the 6th and 8th Commandments, and such necessary regulations as have been cheerfully shouldered, and honourably carried out, by those great public utility services—the British Railways.

Should the Railways demand, and be conceded, the licence, as distinct from freedom, now enjoyed by road transport, they might give notice that they would not run a goods train until sufficient freight was available to warrant it: they might refuse

altogether to carry "returned empties" and small packages under a truck load. They might charge one trader five times as much as his competitor, without anyone knowing it, by stopping inspection of their rate books. They would presumably decline to pay rates in towns, villages and open country through which they pass, thus placing public authorities in a quandary as to how public services, including the maintenance of the highways, were to be carried on.

On the operating side the Railways might "sweat" their drivers and guards, though humanity might induce them to allow their men to run their trains into a siding to get a little sleep. The Railways might claim that their signalling system is too expensive to maintain and should be abolished or, alternatively, be maintained by the public. Those who protest that such action by the Railway Companies would lead to slaughter may do worse than reflect that death and maiming by a train is not one whit more unpleasant than under the wheels of a road Juggernaut.

To turn for a moment to the economics of the question, it will be found that the reinstatement of the principle of complete self-support will regulate to perfection the number, size and nature of the vehicles operating on the roads.

By complete self-support I mean just this: road vehicles of all descriptions, not excluding horse vehicles and bicycles, must be called upon to shoulder the full annual cost of road maintenance. They must also be prepared to bear the cost of signalling in order to release the police for their proper functions, which yearly are becoming more exacting as crime increases. They must also bear the cost of erecting and maintaining proper termini, as do the railways, thereby surrendering their claim to sponge on the ratepayers, and to obstruct traffic. In short, they may be expected to pay for their business premises.

Over and above these charges, a self-respecting industry would be prepared to bear a reasonable charge on the gigantic capital provided compulsorily by the taxpayers in the past, capital which alone has made their business possible. It will thus be seen that when Englishmen cease to be satisfied with "a greater measure of fairness" and insist upon strict fairness, excessive road transport, and particularly heavy goods and passenger Juggernauts, will be found to be uneconomic if, that is to say, economy retains any meaning in the post-war world.

On the exact incidence of taxation of vehicles, varying from the humble "push bike" to the 15-ton vehicle, I express no opinion beyond saying that common-sense would make the graduation exceedingly steep. Under such conditions of justice the roads would recover normality: light mechanical vehicles of moderate speed would abound, as also would horse-drawn vehicles for short hauls: bloody warfare between men and machines would become a thing of the past, while the British Railways, on their merits, would recover their natural status as the backbone of heavy land transport.

There is to-day a taste, almost amounting to a

passion, for co-ordinating rival systems. Competition on a perfectly fair basis is no longer regarded as the surest guarantee of efficient service at moderate charges. If in this wonderful new era co-ordination is to supplant competition, we shall need to be sure that the co-ordinators have no interest in any particular form of transport, and that they are gifted, as it seems almost impossible that they should be, with an intelligence as infallible as is the operation of competition unsupported by subsidy. The co-ordinator, in short, should be a cold-blooded embodiment of economic law before he is endowed with the tyranny of a dictator.

Public interest is now concentrating on the possibility of substituting derivatives of coal, whether in the form of steam, compressed gas, or producer gas, for petrol and Diesel oil as fuel for motor transport. These substitutes stand on their economic and technical merits, and thus need no preferential treatment over vehicles employing oil.

In past years the subsidisation, directly or indirectly, of oil, has brought the coal industry to its present deplorable pass. Coal should demand, not preference, but the immediate removal of preference which its rival enjoys through subsidy. Can we doubt that the coal industry will dissociate itself from any clamour for special favours to vehicles which employ its derivatives? Vehicle taxation should be sufficient in itself to render road transport completely self-supporting. The petrol tax is not a road tax, but a Revenue tax, and should be so treated. The beer tax is not regarded as sacrosanct for the repair of public-houses. Then why should the motor spirit tax be treated as a road tax?

In conclusion, the time has come to disregard the claims of vested interests. The quarrel between road and rail must automatically vanish when the almost extinct words "Justice" and "Freedom" recover their potency in a world at present governed by that self-interest which is too often deliberately confused with "the public interest."

Muzzle or Mischance?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Outside the columns of the *Saturday Review*, the *National Review*, the *Daily Mail* and (intermittently) the *Morning Post*, one looks in vain for candour in comment and "punch" in politics. The whole world of journalism, certainly of sober journalism, seems to be possessed of many devils of opportunism. Whether by chance or design, by conviction or self-interest, we are subjected to a steady stream of the once advertised "soothing syrup." It is not "intelligent" to criticise a Cabinet, and it is "bad form" to be angered by impotence. The championship of one's own country is set down as uninstructed rant, and any suspicion that the world is still ruled by fear, cupidity and force has become a blasphemy.

Possibly—I don't think so—the others are right and the journals I have named wrong. But it is clear to any who move about the world that at least a very large minority of citizens of all classes still believe in the more direct method and manner. And it seems strange—even sinister—that the publication of their point of view should have become rare, even if refreshing. The Press is, much more than Lady Timmins, the voice of society. Does it wear some uncomfortable muzzle, imposed without an Order in Council?

ROSA DARTLE.

When Dumas Saw the Derby

By Emile Cammaerts

THE relations between the French romanticists and England have been so thoroughly explored on both sides of the Channel, that very few details remain to be added to the survey. We know how Lamartine, Victor Hugo, de Vigny and de Musset were in turn influenced by English literature, and Dumas' *Memoirs* contain many references to this country. But the two volumes of the latter's *Causeries* would seem to have been overlooked, and this oversight is the more regrettable in that the impressions of the boisterous author of the *Three Musketeers* are both genuine and picturesque.

Despite his exotic ancestry, Dumas was French to the core. This is perhaps the reason why he has been so long, except for the "meridional" Daudet, the most popular French writer in England.

An English Sunday—and a Fog

In his *Causeries*, Dumas makes only a passing reference to his first visit to England in the "thirties," during which he gathered a gloomy impression of the English Sunday; but two chapters are devoted to a journey undertaken in 1857, when the writer and his son were invited by their friend Mr. Young to attend the Derby. The visitors were obliged to spend a few hours at Dover, where they had some difficulty in whiling away the time, for "there is not much to see in Dover at six o'clock in the morning." The sea is there, no doubt, but "in Dover it is impossible to see the sea; it is only possible to see the fog." This leads Dumas to enquire into the origin of the English "spleen." He does not agree that it may be caused by the English climate. If the English generally grow melancholy about November, it is not because they are dreading six months of darkness, but because, "for the past four months, they have been deprived of fog: they simply yearn for it."

The sequence of events is not made clear, but we gather that, before the great race, the two Dumas spent some time in seeing the sights. The father seems to have been specially struck by his visit to Madame Tussaud's. In those days you paid two shillings as an entrance fee, and two extra shillings to see the Chamber of Horrors, "a name which, you will easily understand, must kindle the curiosity of the visitors, who are not informed of the fact that, for their first two shillings, they will only be allowed to see such pleasant sights as Wellington lying in state, Tom Thumb in a general's uniform, and Henry VIII with his six wives." Dumas did not hesitate to pay the extra money, being specially attracted by the sight of the guillotine which had operated upon Louis XVI. He remarks grimly that, having led many people to the scaffold in his books, he "ought at least to know how a scaffold is made." He assures us that the instrument is a most ingenious piece of machinery, of which Citizen Guillotin had every right to be proud: "The basket is ready to the

right, the plank is lowered, the knife is raised, the victim alone is wanting."

Dumas' visit to Hyde Park is also worth recording. His admiration for the horses in Rotten Row and for the ladies who ride them is unbounded. He assures us that "every day in Hyde Park from fifteen to eighteen hundred women ride horses worth from five to ten thousand francs . . . I shall not attempt," he says, "to count the number of ringlets floating in the wind, of all shades from raven black to light red; the number of graceful necks bending and rising like the sweep of the waves; the number of rosy faces shining under the shadow of broad-brimmed hats, loaded with feathers and fringed with laces; the number of black eyes, proud and passionate, of blue eyes, soft and languid. Shakespeare, who has said everything, has portrayed his women-folk in one sentence: 'England is a nest of swans in the midst of a large pool.'" (A somewhat free translation of the lines in *Cymbeline*, III. 4).

A London without Houses

The crowning impression of this visit was of course the Derby. Being only an amateur sportsman, Dumas was far more interested in the crowd than in the races. His vivid description seems like a literary comment on the well-known picture by Frith in the National Gallery—which, by the way, was painted exactly a year later:—

Imagine an amazing mixture of people of all conditions, a whole world enclosed within the limits of a square league; London sending to this social chaos a sample of all she possesses, in order to make another London without houses, a London with her pomps, her miseries, her riches, her vices, her luxury, her gentlemen, her scoundrels, her cockneys, her lords, her fools, her crooks, her duchesses, her flower-girls, her courtesans, like a mad, cosmopolitan, gigantic, multiple kaleidoscope showing simultaneously all sides of an immense and indefinable society noisy, varied and stormy as the ocean. In the midst of all this, like immovable rocks among the waves, are all kinds of erections, from the smart canvas marquees, where they sell port, claret, gin, brandy, and cake, to the humble tarpaulin awnings under which little gypsy girls, in many-coloured faded rags and bare feet, promise you colossal wealth for sixpence—organ-grinders, mountebanks, travelling orchestras, dancers, beggars, urchins who can scarcely stand on their feet and who succeed in standing on their heads, babies only weaned yesterday, who climb like microscopic sailor-boys to the top of long ladders daintily balanced on their father's nose, which even under normal conditions shows, by the deviation of its cartilage, the damage it has suffered through these quaint duties imposed upon it and to which it was not destined. . . .

It seems almost a pity to curtail this passage, which, in the cumulative effect of its picturesque details, may be compared to some of Dickens' descriptions. But Dumas was essentially an unequal writer, and the reader must be warned not to judge of the literary quality of the *Causeries* from the above examples.

The Gospel of Distortion

By R. Anning Bell, R.A.

IN these strange latter days the Fine Arts have been presented with many new movements, often violent and unexpected as well as those which might reasonably have been foreseen, such as the reaction against trivial anecdote or competition with the realism of the camera. The re-examination of what had been taken for settled laws, such as those of perspective; the attempts to extend the limitations which had hitherto bound them, such as Mr. Michael Lambert's experiments in the expression of swiftness of movement in sea-birds or foaming water or fish; the various attempts to express the continuity of Time in one act of vision, yet not as a series of separate pictures on one canvas, as did the Primitives; it is well that all these should be undertaken, and we must bear the extravagances of the more adventurous explorers with fortitude. It is possible that there may be some fresh delimitation of frontiers and some new ground to be cultivated by the Fine Arts.

But in all this turmoil and upheaval there is one line on which I should like to cry "halt." It is the strange Gospel of Distortion. This is so prevalent now that many of the enthusiastic young are unhappy before the simple works of God. Not only young artists, but those rather dangerous battalions of text-book nourished students turned out by the Universities who become reviewers in the press and lecturers in the picture-galleries and schools of the country, are engaged in spreading this with an air of authority as Experts.

My quarrel is not because it provides an easy opening for the charlatan and an easy escape from study for the lazy—all that would correct itself in time—but because it is essentially a debasing of the standard, a lowering of the flag.

There is already one great field of activity in which it has produced many masterpieces. Indeed, Distortion, used in this way, is the invariable accompaniment of any fine School of Art. I mean the Grotesque: the treatment with derision of any repugnant idea and that skimming over hidden depths of cruelty in our nature which we call the Macabre—I say idea because I do not recognise the many painful studies of decrepitude or disease as grotesque. They are an indecent unveiling of what should be kept veiled. If I am right in saying that its justifiable use depends on the quality of the idea to be treated, then Mother-love, or Night and Morning do not come within its range.

It will be agreed, I think, that Distortion used to make a design compose is merely the device of an incompetent designer. But when it is deliberately used to emphasise a certain characteristic, which undoubtedly it can do, is it worth while? In a grotesque, of course. But in a normal subject like a portrait, isn't more lost than gained?

Surely the argument runs thus. The very finest and noblest conceptions when personified, saints,

gods, the angelic choir, can only be expressed by us in the likeness of human beings. If we try to get beyond that there are only symbols; triangles, interlaced circles, nothing in themselves. Now when you strain the human figure out of the normal—and there is a wide range of variety in the normal—you begin to suggest disease or lunacy, some drop in quality, a failure to reach the standard. If you distort it still further you find it becomes bestial or reptilian. It seems unavoidable. You cannot escape the associations which the mind at once presents. The forms themselves, as shapes, may be good individually, but the educated mind in a healthy body cannot concentrate on the aesthetic aspects alone. Something wider in us than the aesthetic faculty resents and repudiates these bogeys.

Golf and the Beginner

By LT.-COL. F. S. POUNTNEY

MORE ink is spilled—and that wastefully—on the subject of the game of golf than is the case with any other of our British pastimes. At regular and frequent intervals some new theorist arises, to tell the world—at enormous length, in great detail and with the display of many photographs, diagrams and pictures of the muscular system—which is the *only* way to play properly.

No two theorists agree, therefore we meet Smith who extols the merits of Codlin, while Jones makes the Club House ring with praises of Short, and Robinson quotes a third theorist to the confusion of the other two.

My only excuse for expending yet more ink on the subject is the desire to point out that the game is not nearly so difficult as wordy theorists make out and that nobody, old or young, should, on that score, hesitate to take it up.

My advice to the beginner is: "Never read anything about the theory of the game until you can boast of a single figure handicap." Arrival at that stage will bring with it the capacity to pick out of a mound of theory a few grains which can be usefully applied to one's game.

Practical hints from acknowledged masters of the game are another matter; but even these cannot be properly understood and made use of by the mere beginner. Some knowledge of the handling of the various clubs must be acquired, in a practical manner, before written instructions become intelligible and can be usefully followed. One of the best practical authorities on the game is, undoubtedly, "Bobbie" Jones. He is never didactic. He recognises that persons of various ages and physical development cannot all learn to play golf in the same way. He therefore describes, very lucidly, how he plays a particular shot and, instead of

affirming that it is the only way the shot should be played, he modestly says: "I find I can play the shot best that way."

The most sensible way to begin golf is to take a number of lessons from a good professional teacher; to spread those lessons over a considerable space of time and to practise what has been taught regularly, frequently and assiduously in the intervals. Paradoxically a golf course is not the place to learn golf. The links are for players. The beginner is properly regarded as an unmitigated nuisance; he interferes with the pleasure of those who can play and he does serious damage to the course.

There are many institutions which call themselves "Golf Schools," but the only useful schools are those where instruction is given in the open air and where shots can be played naturally as on a golf course—as, for instance, at the All-Weather Golf Practice in Kensington.

Teachers of particular theories should also be ruled out. The best teacher is one who makes a study of his pupil and adapts his method of instruction to meet the limitations which are imposed by the age, the physical capacity and the temperament of the pupil.

It must never be forgotten, however, that lessons alone will never make anyone a golfer. Only practice—constant, careful, and intensive—can do that. The teacher can show the way, by word of mouth and by demonstration; the pupil must do the rest, and the sooner he learns to do it, without the teacher at his elbow, the sooner he will be able to make a respectable appearance on a golf course.

I have used the term "intensive" practice. By this I mean practice with an unlimited number of balls all played from the same spot. This is a method largely adopted by American players and far too little followed in this country. It allows a beginner to make the most of the time—often all too limited—at his disposal. It permits him to take each club in turn and become master of it. In time it gives him confidence, which is the essence of good golf. Such practice should never be hurried; each shot should be played as carefully as if it were a shot in a match.

"In a Café"

Paris. May

The sunlight streaming down the street

Is not so sweet—is not so sweet

As the gold pathway of her feet . . .

Those chestnuts tier on leafy tier

Are not so dear—are not so dear

As one curled ringlet round her ear . . .

Oh I would sigh and she would weep

If our young love were not more deep

Than the warm slumber of our sleep . . .

HUGH LONGDEN.

THEATRE

Piccadilly Theatre. "Caesar's Friend." By Campbell Dixon and Dermot Morrah.

IN spite of the fact that a playgoer sitting in a stall near mine ejaculated after the curtain had fallen on the first act, "I can't make out what all this is about," the authors of this almost fine play have taken the story of the betrayal, trial and crucifixion of Jesus Christ and made their drama out of the motives of Judas and the character of Pontius Pilate. They have, inevitably, clung steadfastly to the Gospels, merely taking their own proper liberty to delineate character, to suggest motive, and to fill in the gaps in the story.

Thus Judas (with a faint but not irreverent suggestion of love for Mary Magdalene and human jealousy of The Master) becomes a fanatical patriot, intent on the revolt from Rome and the actual kingdom of Jewry, torn by doubts which are in themselves the product of impatience, half-persuading himself that the betrayal will not matter, because cohorts of angels and Signs from Heaven will protect them all and leave them with victory plus thirty pieces of silver to the good. He may deceive himself but cannot deceive Mary, who goes straight to Pilate with her revelation of the plot against the Son of God.

Now comes Pilate—the Roman governor, typical of all governors and proconsuls, the "man on the spot" who is harried from headquarters, the victim of jealousy and intrigue, who seeks truth and justice, but shrinks from the price of the enmity and innuendo of Caiaphas. A clear, consistent Pilate, philosopher and man of the world, agnostic with the touch of strange Faith, thinker and man of action. The Pilate of the Evangelists and the Pilate whom common sense must find behind them.

The play moves slowly in the first act, creaks a little in the second, and justifies the greatness of the theme and the courage of the authors in the last. Here is the great drama of all history, conveyed without its central character, complete, baffling, and not sacrificing any of its essential awe. Perhaps the authors have been so careful of reverence as to handicap their drama here and there; perhaps there were legitimate opportunities in Peter—"I have let him down once—do you want me to let him down again?"—and in Judas, flinging back at Caiaphas the price of treachery, which have been passed over too swiftly.

But this remains a notable attempt in the most difficult path of drama and it deserves success. For my own part the modern idiom and slang (though it was bound to jar here and there) seemed suitable and effective as the only alternative to blank verse, which might so easily have proved too blank.

The play owed everything to D. A. Clarke-Smith, whose study of Pilate was perfect—audible, distinguished, strong, sympathetic and convincing. This was a real piece of acting. So, in a slightly hysterical vein, was the Judas of Robert Speaight. They carried the burden of a play so nearly fine as to make no matter. G.C.P.

An Adventure of Memory

By Eric Parker

IN sight of the carriage window not far from New Barnet station on the North Eastern Railway stands a small white house, entirely surrounded by rows of one-storey workmen's dwellings, all of the same depressingly dull pattern. Only for a moment can you catch a glimpse of its bay windows, and it is then shut out by a huge siding crowded with trucks. But you can just see enough of it to realise that it is out of tune with its neighbours, and has fallen on evil days. Newness and ugliness have choked it.

Many years ago the outlook from its bay windows was a garden and green fields. Tulips stood in formal beds edging a lawn; in an old-fashioned kitchen garden wallflowers scented the April wind; one of the fields near would be shut in for hay, in another a mare trotted with her foal. From the road near the garden gate a field path ran to the little countryside railway station, and children leaving the path for the hedgerow could look for white violets. From the bay windows towards the station not a brick or a chimney was to be seen.

House where I was Born

It is the house where I was born, and when I heard that it was to be pulled down I arranged with my sister that we should go and look at the place for the last time. It was a winter day; we travelled down by train, and got out at what was once the countryside railway station to walk down narrow streets towards what used to be the gardener's cottage and outhouses. There was the building, part of it turned into a sort of smithy; there was the loose-box out of which Tottles the mare found her way back into the field by pulling back the bolt. And there beyond the yard were gnarled and twisted stems and branches, the apple-trees and pear-trees which used to stand behind the border of wallflowers and forget-me-not. The soil below them was black with soot, and anybody could walk into the garden from the road.

We went up to the house, and were told by the occupant that we were free to look at some of the rooms; others were shut up. How familiar in the drawing-room were the marble Adam mantelpiece and the faintly yellow tints of the carved fruit! But the conservatory outside the drawing-room had vanished—the conservatory in which bees used to hum about the cineraria flowers, and through the glass roof of which our pot of musk—it was scented in those days—crashed from the nursery window two stories higher. And here in the hall was the fireplace into which the robin flew—that tearful tragedy of a winter afternoon—and there were the tiles of the passage to the dining-room. And beyond the dining-room and the study was the billiard-room annexe which my father built; we opened the corner cupboard and the air smelt exactly the same, of cedar-wood and gas-jets and tobacco. We looked out from the study window; the stable-yard had

disappeared, and with it the ghosts of Rats and Match, the pair of strawberry roans.

We wandered out into the flower-garden—a patch of sodden grass, and a stunted araucaria where once had lain lawn under oaks. And there, on the grey gravel path, stood four stones.

I had forgotten them. They were four portions of hexagonal basalt column given to my father by a friend; they had been brought, we were told as children, from the Giant's Causeway. There they stood, the tall one in the middle and the three short ones embedded flush against its sides, just as they used to stand when they carried the brass sundial that my sister and I used to set by the drawing-room clock—the sundial that lay on the concave top of the column in a little glistening black pool after a shower of rain.

And I stood there with my hand on the tall stone, for the first time since I was a child. And I heard my sister speaking. "I should like you to have those stones in your garden at Feathercombe."

A Garden of the Past

Feathercombe? I knew the name. My garden? But where was my garden? What was my garden? I could think of no garden belonging to me. The only garden in my mind was the garden in which I was at that moment standing; the garden with the arabis on the rockery, the red and yellow tulips in the bed, the wallflowers and forgetmenot under the appletrees. I saw the wallflowers, ruby-brown, and the scarlet Japanese quince by the brick pillars of the wrought iron gate, and the tiny crimson china rose beyond it that was my own, and that smelt sweeter than any rose I have known since. I smelt the wallflowers; I saw them.

Feathercombe? Feathercombe? I remembered. It hurt, suddenly remembering. It was as if my brain jolted. Feathercombe was my own garden in Surrey, which I had made for myself, and where I had lived for seventeen years.

But for those moments when my sister was speaking to me it did not exist. I could connect nothing with the name; there was no other garden but this, of which the light and colour flooded the eye of my mind, so that it excluded every other thought.

The thing can be scientifically explained, I know; it has been so explained to me. A cell of memory had been opened; the two halves of the brain did not synchronise, one half was not functioning, the other was in possession. But all I know is that on that winter day I was living at that moment at a time long distant, in a place that has vanished. The years of my life and all that belonged to them had left me, and for me it was April and I was a child.

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the *Saturday Review* from their newsagents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, *Saturday Review*, 18-20 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

SHORT STORY

The Alsatian

By Anne McGee

THIS is the story of how a man went mad . . . He met her at a theatre—that is, he first saw her at a theatre. He was in a box and, bored with his companions and wearied with a peculiarly stupid musical comedy, he saw her in the first interval.

Hermione was a widow and had been a widow for more than two years, and her widowhood was more in the nature of a blessing than a loss. She had loved her husband, but his insane jealousy had very soon killed her affection and the latter days of the marriage had been unhappy. She had a son, Colin Derwent, and he was acting in the same musical comedy that was boring Marcus Bent.

But to return to Marcus—he caught sight of Hermione in the first interval and he made up his mind to marry her before the year was out. He turned to his hostess and made the necessary enquiries. "That woman down there," and Marcus indicated the unconscious Hermione, "who is she?"

"She's a Mrs. Hermione Derwent and her son is playing lead to-night. I wonder if she would join us afterwards at Monseigneur's. She's had a tragic life, poor woman—her husband poisoned himself."

"I'm not particularly interested in her husband or in her unhappy life," said Marcus Bent, "but I'd be very pleased if you would introduce me to her."

Two hours later Hermione was dancing in Marcus' arms at the supper club. So that even dull hostesses have their uses!

The marriage took place six months later.

"There's only one thing," Hermione stipulated, "will you promise never to be *jealous*, Marcus? It ruined my life once and I couldn't face it again."

"I'll not be jealous," said Marcus, "unless you give me reason to be."

The first years were gloriously happy. Marcus was clever and Hermione never suspected the jealousy that gnawed at her husband's heart.

It was during the second year that Marcus really began to be suspicious. They lived in an exotically expensive flat in a large block in Park Lane and her son Colin, financed by Marcus, shared the flat above with an actor friend.

"And what," Marcus asked one night, "have you done to-day?"

And Hermione, still unsuspecting, told him. "I've been with Colin and his friend Timothy. Tim is such a dear, Marcus, I wish you could help him too. Finance his next show or something."

From that day it seemed to Marcus' ill-balanced mind that Hermione never let a day pass without singing Timothy's praises.

Things got worse and worse with Marcus' brain. And then he had an idea. He bought an Alsatian.

He managed to get hold of some piece of Timothy's clothing and he trained the dog to growl

whenever he held the offending clothing to the dog's nose. And there were other men besides Timothy whose hat, or gloves, or handkerchief were held to the Alsatian's nose. And there began the three years of hell that nearly drove Hermione off her head and which was, at long last, to turn Marcus into a raving, slobbering madman.

Hermione and Marcus were still seen together, but Hermione's visits to the upstairs flat finished abruptly and it was noticed that very few men were invited to the Bent's flat. There were strange rumours about the way in which the dog growled at this man and that man, but when they spoke about it Marcus turned it off quite easily. "I'm terribly sorry," he would explain, "but my dog seems to have taken an unreasoning dislike to you—I'm afraid you mustn't risk coming near us."

Hermione, realising at last that Marcus was madly jealous, tried to be happy in her own way. You may despise her for acquiescing in keeping the Alsatian, but remember that she was responsible for one man's suicide and that she dreaded doing anything that might incur the death of a second.

If Marcus was out of the flat for an hour or so it was definitely accepted by Hermione that the Alsatian should be her companion. And then, suddenly, Marcus heard that he was to be out of town for a whole night. He went through the tortures of the damned. It was quite impossible for him to take her with him. So he informed her that she must go to bed early, that he would lock her in her room until the next morning when he could get back by an early train, and that the Alsatian would spend the night with her.

Hermione was frightened about Marcus by this time. So she did the only thing an extremely unhappy and demented woman could do. She agreed.

Everything went to plan. Marcus had to catch the 9.45 from St. Pancras. At nine o'clock he locked her in her room with the dog, promising to be back early in the morning. He kissed her and rumpled her hair as he stood by her bed. Hermione, I am sure, was for the moment more or less happy. This latest craze of his was not hurting her and though it was somewhat foolish and morbid it was certainly making him happy. Surprisingly, she still loved him.

She told him to look after himself—"and I'll be here when you get back—I and my watchdog (and she fondled the big Alsatian beside the bed) and I try to understand, Marcus, really I do."

The next day Marcus was mad, and for the last five years he has been mad, and the superintendent at the Asylum holds out no hope that the slobbering, slavering Marcus Bent will ever be sane again.

He got back to the flat at the time they had arranged, and after he had unlocked the door he found what the Alsatian had left of his wife.

Music and Musicians By Herbert Hughes

ON the heels of the Brahms Centenary comes the Jubilee of the Royal College of Music with its attendant celebrations. On Tuesday afternoon the first of these functions took place in the presence of the King and Queen, an event that not only placed in focus representative personalities of the College during the past fifty years, but threw an interesting light on the progress of English music in that period. Elgar, Delius and Arnold Bax are the three chief creative artists whose careers have lain outside the College and whose work has in no sense come under the influence of its *ambiente*. No anthology of modern English music would be completely representative without their names, Elgar and Delius belonging to the significant category of the self-taught, Bax to the honourable list of those who have cut their wisdom teeth at the R.A.M. At the same time no anthology of contemporary English work could exclude the names of Vaughan Williams and Holst, John Ireland and Arthur Bliss, collegians finely represented in this first programme, nor those of Eugène Goossens, Herbert Howells, Arthur Benjamin, Constant Lambert and others to be included in later ones. Decidedly this Jubilee is a national event.

Influences and Contacts

Since its foundation in 1883 the Royal College has kept very closely in touch with the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Chair of Music at Oxford being held in succession by Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Walter Parratt and Sir Hugh Allen (the present occupant), and at Cambridge by Sir Charles Stanford and the late Professor Charles Wood. What this has meant to graduates and undergraduates of either university can hardly be under-estimated, while its contact to-day with the B.B.C.—where Dr. Adrian Boult, *ex* Oxford and R.C.M., is in command of the musical machine—to say nothing of the Incorporated Society of Musicians represents an influence that is incalculable. Profession and public alike come directly or indirectly under that influence, an influence that has its reverberations throughout the English-speaking world. The College now is an altogether livelier and more vital place than it was in my own student days when Parry was Director, and Parratt, Stanford and Frederick Bridge were on the board. There was but one orchestra when I, in temporary control of the bass drum, took part in the National Anthem on the unforgettable day that the venerable Duke of Cambridge opened the present Hall. To-day, with a roll of membership about double, there are three orchestras, with Dr. Malcolm Sargent (*at present on the sick list*) as conductor-in-chief. Scholarship and progress are not mutually antagonistic.

In the 'eighties and 'nineties musical folk were talking of the English Renascence, the term being employed in discussing the new music of (chiefly) Parry, Stanford, Mackenzie and Frederick Cowen. With the emergence of Edward Elgar from non-

academic obscurity to Festival rank, with an utterance altogether more personal and striking, the stock of those leaders declined until, with the later arrival of Holst and Vaughan Williams, it practically ceased to be discussed as gilt-edge in the musical market.

Music plays so trivial a part in our national life that this neglect of much fine, well-wrought work is both characteristic and inevitable. A work that "dates" is damned without thought by those few who are impatient to get on to the next development. While the public at large, sport-loving and good-humoured, is incorrigibly torpescient in its attitude towards serious music, a few thousand people without an iota of æsthetic sensibility will on occasion flock to the Albert Hall to hear and see Yehudi Menuhin or Richard Tauber, and the Wigmore Hall remains big enough to hold all those who will go a mile or two to listen to the chamber music of Brahms properly played.

Some Recent Recitals

While the Royal College has been involved in its jubilations and the Royal Opera intrigued with its *Ring*, there have been several recitals in the West End of outstanding interest. Leila Finneberg, the Irish soprano, has been adding to her reputation by singing German songs exquisitely at the London Lieder Club. In very different ways Povla Frijs and Maria Ivogün have captivated their audiences at Wigmore Hall: the former, intellectual and subtle-minded, by vividly dramatising everything she touches; the latter by sheer charm, a charm so potent and yet so insouciant that she can smile radiantly all the way through the despair of Paisiello's *Nel cor più non mi sento*. Horowitz—by far the most brilliantly equipped pianist of the younger generation—has given us faultless and remarkable playing at Queen's Hall. He takes the delicate classicism of a Haydn movement, the evanescent beauty of a romantic *morceau* of Schumann, and the terrific virtuosity of the Brahms-Paganini variations all in his stride, and as to the manner born.

At the newly-opened Dorland Hall in Lower Regent Street an experiment of giving continuous programmes of concerts from noon till midnight has been on trial. Accomplished musicians such as the Kutcher String Quartet, May and Ann Mukle, Louis Godowsky, Eda Kersey, David Brynley and Norman Notley have been taking part, the programmes have been intelligently designed, and the price of admission is absurdly cheap.

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NEW NOVELS

Knight without Armour. By James Hilton. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Just off Piccadilly. By Barbara Cartland. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

Hangman's Holiday. By Dorothy L. Sayers. Gollancz. 7s.

The "Bartimeus" Omnibus. Rich & Cowan. 7s. 6d.

[REVIEWED BY ANNE ARMSTRONG.]

IHAD what I thought was a grievance. It was Sunday, and at that moment the sun was shining and The Others were off for a morning's golf on that course beside the sea. I, on the other hand, had a small pile of novels that had to be read and so, equipped with a block, a pencil, one of the novels and a raincoat, I bravely left the others and, finding a sea wall, esconced myself with my back to the world, my face to the sea and the sun, and Mr. James Hilton's "Knight without Armour" on by knees.

And because it was England, very soon something happened. The sun disappeared, a fog descended upon the sea, a whistling wind flicked over the pages of the book and a stinging rain was driving spitefully into my face.

But the sea wall was a large one and the raincoat soon turned a novel reviewer into a shapeless blue lump, and I stayed there and read on, and on, and on. And here is my point—if you can sit on a pebbly beach, suffer gladly a stone wall that sticks malevolently into parts of your anatomy, be almost suffocated by a blue mackintosh, and still be so immersed in what you are reading that the wind and the rain are forgotten, then there surely is a book well worthy of the paper on which it is printed and the ink which has given it birth.

I found it absorbingly interesting. It is the life story of an Englishman, and through his eyes the story of the Russian Revolution. It is the story of a man who, judged by ordinary standards, had nothing but misery and failure in his life but who, judged by his own standards, died a happy and a contented man—a man who filled every minute with sixty seconds well lived. It is a tale of great quietness of spirit amidst a noisy and confused background. There is nothing spectacular or noisy about Mr. Hilton's Englishman, and yet Mr. Hilton has created an atmosphere of such dramatic tension that it leaves one breathless—and proud.

"Just Off Piccadilly," by Barbara Cartland, is a very different matter. I suppose there are people who will read this book and enjoy it, but . . .

Peggy was a Girl Who Couldn't Go Wrong. She had the most nerve-shattering and appallingly narrow shaves, but she always managed to Go Right. She starts off as a dancing partner at Paglioni's, and there she met The Man Hugh who was Good and Tender, and there she also met Lord Winthrop who was Bold and Bad. Lord Winthrop goes to Peggy's flat and, just as his advances are more than a decent girl can stand, he conveniently drops down dead. So then Peggy

goes abroad with Another Man. He looks after her, gives her beautiful clothes, but there is nothing, you understand, in their relationship to which Mrs. Grundy can possibly object. Oh dear me, no—because Peggy was still the Girl Who Couldn't Go Wrong. After a little while Peggy is hungry and lonely again and so, just to wind the story up nicely, The Man Hugh discovers that his wife is mad, has her incarcerated in an asylum, discovers a down-and-out Peggy, and offers her his heart. And at last Peggy decides that the time has come, so she throws discretion to the winds—but just then Miss Cartland discovers that the book has reached a most satisfactory ending and summarily finishes.

"Hangman's Holiday" is a collection of twelve new detective stories by Dorothy L. Sayers. Lord Peter Wimsey and Mr. Montague Egg appear in most of them and, though I can't promise you that those little hairs at the back of your neck will rise nor that you will let out gurgling shrieks of horror—I can promise you twelve stories that you will read right through without a pause.

"The Bartimeus Omnibus" needs no introduction. Those of you who are men will read them whether you ply your trade on the high-seas or not; those of you who belong to the gentler sex will read them secretly or openly because sailors are sailors, and this book deals exclusively with sailors and their ways, and because this is "the lonely sea and the sky," because here is "a tall ship and a star to steer her by."

Jacob Across Jabbok. By Gertrude and M. J. Landa. Archer. 7s. 6d.

To Make My Bread. By Grace Lumpkin. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

Building Heaven. By Evelyn Pember. Collins. 7s. 6d.

THE first book, by two journalists, comes when the Jews, a race who have anchored in other people's harbours, are once again buffeted by offshore winds. The good ship Jewry, fitted out for the trades, labours and staggers in hurricanes of nationalism, and such times bring anxious problems of shelter and safety. But the authors have not used this kind of danger for their novel; their subject is the personal dilemma which we may believe offers itself to many sons of Israel.

How far can the Jew relinquish strictness as a concession to his adopted country, or to advantage himself in its social structure? The question is illuminated by the history of the Shelmans, sticking to the Mosaic ordinances and the Rabbinical code in the East End, and of the Brocklowitz family who drop the "itz," thrive in the West End and do their utmost to contract out of Israel.

The contrast becomes drama when the sons of these opposites meet at Cambridge, young Shelman arriving by the path of application and Cecil Brocklow by the high road of money. Each household is threatened by what it most fears: the one by a breach of Jewish integrity, the other by a collapse of social ambition. Mr. and Mrs. Landa write of types and occasions they know, and their pictures of the East End are exact. There is

gratitude towards England, "safe for tolerance, if not for democracy"; and the book can be called propagandist only in the sense that it exhibits the sensibility of a race and its capacity to suffer. "If you prick us, do we not bleed?"

Once past the first chapter, in which the obstetrical details will revolt many readers, Grace Lumpkin's work progresses with assurance and solid power. Her purpose is to show what few will dispute—that peasant poverty and actual want, with independence, are preferable to the cruxes industrialism flings in payment for body and soul.

The early part is rather like one of those bygone Wild West films, but extraordinarily well produced. Here is an American hamlet in the great open spaces, primitively busy with plough and hoe; living on a slab of fatback and a bag of meal; a seductive store-keeper's daughter among those present and young men who are quick on the draw. These raw scenes are quaintly vivid. Then industrialism sets up its cotton mills; the settlers exchange one hard sort of existence for a slavery more gross and degrading; and with the establishment of unions to fight the bosses the tale reaches its rather open ending. This American novel has a big idea, and may have a sale to match.

"Building Heaven" is a psychological novel which the author has found difficult—the story of a woman's impulses to surrender life wholly to others' happiness, and so secure her own. But it is one of those attempts which gain more admiration for sincerity than skill. A.B.

The Balcony. By R. G. Coulson. John Murray. 7s. 6d.

Vicarage Party. John Lindsey. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

The Tragedy of a Fool. By Eric Barker. Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.

M R. COULSON has taken a provokingly interesting subject as the theme of his story. What is more, with the history of Mr. Thornton of Metro-Vick still in the public mind, his novel has a very topical interest. For Mr. Coulson writes of an Englishman brought up in Russia, where, for two generations, his family has lived.

At Bornholm in Estonia the Brocks have settled down, to become the recognised squirearchy of the neighbourhood, although, by birth, foreigners. Charles Brock is the next to succeed to the estates. He is sent to England to be educated. While at his Public School, the Russian Revolution takes place, and for several years he hears nothing of his parents.

Eventually they escape to England, knowing full well that their estates in Estonia are lost for ever. But Charles still hankers after his heritage. In spite of every attempt to persuade him, he goes back to Estonia. The result is general disillusion, as much in his personal life as in the ideals on which he has built his life. The greatest disillusionment of all is in the fundamentals of the Russian character.

From that point of view, in my opinion, Mr. Coulson has written an important book.

I have rarely disliked a book so much as I hated "Vicarage Party" by John Lindsey. Not only in the manner but also in the matter did the author successfully repel me. He has collected all the nastiest tricks of bad writing, and he has chosen as his theme a sort of weak variation of "Lady Chatterley's Lover," but without a shred of the power and distinction which always predominated in D. H. Lawrence's work.

Mr. Eric Barker is a much more complex person. He is, I understand, an actor, and "Day Gone By" his first novel. I simply do not know how to assess it. At one moment he intrigued me, and gave me a sense of latent power, an earnest of good work to come, and then suddenly he would dissolve me into the deepest depression.

On the whole I am inclined to think that he is taking himself too seriously, that he believed in Philosophy (with the biggest of capital P's) and is sure that his work is monumental. Still, I should like to read a real light comedy from his pen—and it might assist his evolution as a writer if he attempted it.

W.F.

A Question of Colour

"I Know an Island." By Julian Hillas. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

[REVIEWED BY W.H.B.]

I have spent a little while in a South Pacific isle
With a gentlemanly hero, Brian Heather,
Who was very nice and "clean" (do you gather
what I mean?)

But I can't say that I liked him altogether.

Heather falls in love one night with a girl who
isn't white,

And although she's dressed in quite the latest
fashion,

She is native to the core, but (and this I must
deplore)

She succumbs at last to Brian's fiery passion.

'Tis the passion of his life and he wants her for
his wife;

"Wait six months," she says, "perhaps you'll
change your mind."

"Don't say that," he says, "my dear, there is
not the slightest fear,

For you know I shall do nothing of the kind."

Well, she marries Brian Heather, and they settle
down together

In an island with a name I can't pronounce.
Brian starts a sort of store selling articles galore
Such as copra (I forget the price per ounce).

By the death of Brian's father (who was very rich
I gather)

He is forced to go to England as the heir.
There's a problem to be faced and there's little
time to waste,

Will his dusky bride be welcomed over there?

People warn the wretched Heather that it's very
doubtful whether

If he takes his wife his women friends will call,
But the girl with native gumption dies of gallop-
ing consumption,

So there wasn't any problem after all!

Recent Poetry

The Fleeting and Other Poems. By Walter de la Mare. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

Conquistador. By Archibald Macleish. Gollancz. 7s. 6d. net.

Poems: 1930-1933. By Robert Graves. Arthur Barker. 6s. net.

Collected Poems of Harold Monro. Cobden-Sanderson. 8s. 6d. net.

The Slaves of Rose Hall. By E. E. Stopford. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.

Ballads and Poems. By Stephen Vincent Benét. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

[REVIEWED BY ASHLEY SAMPSON]

THE month of May is ushering in several events of importance in the realm of poetry. Chief among them is the appearance—after a lapse of some time—of a book of poems by Mr. Walter de la Mare. In everything that Mr. de la Mare does—in fiction and short stories: for children or adults—the poet comes through; but here he has once again shaped the delicate cadences of his thought into poetry; and what poetry it is! We cannot help sharing the quiet ecstasy of living that this rare mind enjoys as page by page he discloses to us the beauty which resides in so many little things. In *Dreams* he reveals to us the philosopher of whom we have only had glimpses before—now full-fledged and ready to shatter Sigmund Freud with a blow at the end; but dreams, philosophy, Freud and all the little things are completely eclipsed when Mr. de la Mare lays bare his abiding humanity in such a couplet as:

"How blind 'twas to be harsh, I know—
And to be harsh to *thee*;
To let one hour in anger go,
And unforgiven be!"

And now—O idiot tongue to dart
That venom'd fang, nor heed
Not thine but mine the stricken heart
Shall never cease to bleed."

In other poems—*I Sit Alone*, *Self to Self*, *Dawn* and *Breaking of Morning*—we have the old de la Mare of whom it is impossible to grow tired; and some that are like *Peacock Pie* come to life again. Strange by comparison—yet attractive within their own domain—are the stormy narratives of Mr. Archibald Macleish and the grim or wild sophistries of Mr. Robert Graves. In *Conquistador* Mr. Macleish adapts the old story of the Spanish pilgrimage through Cuba to the kingdom in the West, its failure, return, and the final storming of the town. His technique is bold and the story here displayed is worthy of an epic poem; but I feel that Mr. Ernest Hemingway's description of it as "the finest narrative poem since *The Ring and the Book*" gives it a place in literature that it does not quite deserve.

Some will be disappointed in the new phase upon which Mr. Graves' poetry has entered since *Whipperginny* and *The Pier Glass*. The pure, almost lyrical, poet of the early days was ousted by the psychologist of the Rivers School; and he has been displaced by the metaphysician, the experimenter and even the pedagogue of morals. Any-

thing in the nature of an anthology from Mr. Robert Graves is likely to yield a taste of them all; and the present work—though it covers but three years—does not possess much unity. Those, however, who are out to enjoy the poet—in whatever mood—will meet him here often enough: with his wit, his rather serpent-like wisdom and his jests at the expense of the world of which he writes. Not so the late Harold Monro—to whom the world was ever grave and beautiful—yielding up a new treasure at every beat of her slow pulse.

"The centre of his interest is never in the visible world at all," writes Mr. T. S. Eliot in his critical introduction to Monro's *Collected Poems*, and that is perhaps why he spoke only to the few who shared his vision—for I think that Harold Monro's admirers will never cease to wonder why his fame never reached the wider public to whom Mr. Walter de la Mare and Mr. A. E. Housman have such access in rather the same vein. *The Empty House*, *The Garden*, *Strange Meetings*, and *Milk for the Cat*—to name but a few—are all poems that should delight the heart and stir the blood of thousands; and already some are opening his pages for the first time with a real delight. So here they will have a chance of acquainting themselves with the whole output of a poet whom we can ill spare, who once said of the gifts of life while they were yet warm in him:

"These were they: feet, hands, eyes and right of birth;
The clothing and condition of a man;
The strange and ancient liberty of earth.
These I must hold, and use them as I can.
Feet bring fatigue; hands, pain; eyes, too much sight;
Birth, rapture, that declines in doubt and sighing:
The vaunted, vast, and everlasting right
Of living is the liberty of dying."

That is a fitting epitaph for one who out of so much pain wrought so much beauty for the world which he has left; and it brings us round again to what Mr. Eliot says of his abiding interest in the invisible world to which he has now gone. Mr. F. S. Flint contributes a biographical introduction to Harold Monro's poems; and the Laureate contributes an introduction to Miss Stopford's poem, *The Slaves of Rose Hall*. Certainly the qualities which he claims for this narrative poem—poignancy and a haunting sense—are here; but Miss Stopford's style lacks the subtle distinction of genuine poetry in too many places to render her book a high place among the distinguished books of verse that are making their appearance this Spring. So I am brought to the last of the formidable batch under review.

It is impossible to grow tired of Mr. Benét's verses, though there are piles and piles of them in a collective anthology which covers fifteen years. There is a facetiousness about them, a miraculous ability to adapt themselves to every department of life and wring something worth saying out of it—a pliability that never becomes strained; and, above all else, a rich delight in living with all the senses at once. Turn where you may in this ample book and you will be met by something that will grab your mind and hold it—sometimes for page after page. This is no small achievement in an age when mediocrity has come to be almost expected of poetry that is not wholly serious.

Everything Wrong!

The World Gone Mad. By Martian. John Bale. 5s.

BEGINNING with the causes of trade depression, "Martian" speedily branches out into law, education, machinery, population, housing, domestic servants, fame, the Stock Exchange—and, wherever he looks, there is none that doeth good, no not one. The lady protests too much, methinks. But much is true, stimulating and suggestive. Trade is bad, says "Martian," simply because governments are reckless and individuals miserly. "The world has been scared into hoarding; 6d. per week saved by each unit of England's population means £60,000,000 in a year not spent in trade or the wages of half-a-million men for the same period." Of course most of us don't spend because the State takes all our surplus. But the example of how £200 spent by an individual on a new car swiftly becomes £2,000 for practical and taxable purposes, is impressive. Incidentally, this is a large part of the answer to Socialism's delusion of a capital levy.

Wherever we turn, says "Martian," restrictions strangle us. The logical end of tariffs by increasing prices without increasing demand is that manufacturers will presently shout as loudly to have them off as now to have them on. Employers cut down wages when, if they had any wisdom, they would raise them, because it is the myriad spendings of the little men that make trade. Trade unions restrict output, which is only the manufacturers' sin of bumping up prices in another form. Middlemen swell the cost of a lettuce 600 per cent. between one end of the counter and the other. Only on the wastefulness of administration both national and municipal is there no restriction, so that in education especially we are saddled with the most expensive and least efficient system in the world. The dictum that economy should begin at the top with highly paid sinecures, not with the wretched instruments at the bottom, is sound.

But the solution is disappointing—the State as the great Universal Provider, but of course "it would have to be something vastly different from what it is at present." How will "Martian" get that until men are vastly different? In Tudor days the State accepted responsibility for the individual on condition that he performed certain well-defined duties in return. Nowadays the latter golden principle has been killed by the universal ballot-box. This is really the first of all abuses which the strongest Government of all time was put in power to correct. Most of "Martian's" complaints would become manageable if it would only do so.

O. M. GREEN.

DIRECT subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the *Saturday Review*, 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

A Playful Economist

Essays in Biography. By John M. Keynes. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

[REVIEWED BY P. C. LOFTUS.]

THIS book may be recommended even to those averse to the study of Economics, as it is written with Mr. Keynes' lucidity and attraction of style. One quarter consists of sketches of Politicians, and the remainder of the lives of four Economists.

Mr. Keynes reprints his brilliant sketch of "The Council of Four" from "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," and he adds a mordant description of Mr. Lloyd George, which he had intended for his Book published in 1919 but which he felt some compunction in including. He wrote at the time of the English Prime Minister, who was then one of the three dominating figures of the world—"who shall paint the chameleon, who can tether a broomstick?" He calls him "the Welsh witch": and, while rendering tribute to his immense labours during the conference, points out that his policy lacked "permanent principle, tenacity, fierce indignation, honesty, loyal leadership": and that in his company there was a "flavour of final purposelessness, inner irresponsibility, existence outside or away from our Saxon good and evil."

This last phrase is reminiscent of Kipling's "Lesser breeds without the Law," and would appear to indicate that Mr. Keynes is still an adherent of the out-moded fashion which claimed that, because the English race was Teutonic and Nordic, it was therefore superior to such lesser breeds as the Latins. His final summing up is as follows: "Lloyd George is rooted in nothing; he is void and without content; he lives and feeds on his immediate surroundings; he is an instrument and a player at the same time which plays on the company and is played on by them too; he is a prism, as I have heard him described, which collects light and distorts it and is most brilliant if the light comes from many quarters at once; a vampire and a medium in one."

His essay on Lord Oxford is marred by the phrase, "His temperament was naturally conservative. With a little stupidity and a few prejudices dashed in he would have been Conservative in the political sense also." Surely Mr. Keynes does not reckon that stupidity is a characteristic of the mentality of such men as Disraeli, Lord Salisbury, Lord Balfour and Lord Hugh Cecil. But perhaps we may understand, though we may find it hard to forgive, when we realise that his memoir of Lord Oxford was written for publication in "The Nation."

Edwin Montagu is described in vivid phrases: "At one moment he would be Emperor of the East, riding upon an elephant, clothed in rhetoric and glory, but at the next a beggar in the dust of the road, crying for alms but murmuring under his breath cynical and outrageous wit." Alas, that such a type should have been given charge of the destinies of India!

In the Economic section probably the most interesting Biography to the general reader will be that of Robert Malthus. It is interesting to note that, writing in 1821, Malthus said: "We see in almost every part of the world vast powers of production which are not put into action." Also that Malthus in the long correspondence with Ricardo urged that saving could be overdone:

When profits are low and uncertain, when capitalists are quite at a loss where they can safely employ their capitals . . . is it not contrary to the general principles of political economy . . . to recommend saving, and the conversion of more revenue into capital? . . . The employment of the poor in roads and public works, and a tendency among landlords and persons of property to build . . . and to employ workmen and menial servants, are the means most within our power . . . to remedy the evils . . . which have been occasioned by the sudden conversion of soldiers, sailors and various other classes which the war employed, into productive labourers.

Malthus goes on to say:

That the principles of saving, pushed to excess, would destroy the motive to production. If every person were satisfied with the simplest food, the poorest clothing, and the meanest houses, it is certain that no other sort of food, clothing and lodging would be in existence.

He was unable to persuade Ricardo that saving could be overdone, and many readers will agree with Mr. Keynes' judgment that "if only Malthus, instead of Ricardo, had been the parent stem from which nineteenth century economics proceeded, what a much wiser and richer place the world would be to-day!"

After Johnson

An Introduction to the Hebrides. By Iain F. Anderson. Herbert Jenkins.

THE description and history, legendary and otherwise, of even the smallest Hebridean island would make a massive volume in itself. It is obvious, therefore, that Mr. Anderson will earn little other than the gratitude of the hustling tourist whose eyes are more often glued to the map and to calculations of miles per hour travelled than to the glories of the scenery through which he is passing. In an incredibly short space of time we are rushed from Glasgow to Mull, Skye, the Outer Hebrides, and even St. Kilda. No sooner does the "trusty" s.s. Hebrides tie up to some island pier than she is cast off again.

To any lover of the Hebrides—and to see them is to love them—such a hasty pilgrimage is distasteful in the extreme. If time be short, far better a week on the green legend-haunted isle of Iona or scrambling among the Coolins of Skye. Even so brief a sojourn will fill the hardest heart with a sense of wistful peace which the passage of time will never wholly eradicate.

And who wants any introduction to those enchanted islands who can buy a cheap edition of Dr. Johnson's *Tour*, one paragraph of which, that where he tells of his landing in Iona, is worth all the introductions and guide books ever written or likely to be written?

DAVID GUTHRIE.

The German Revolution, 1918

The Kaiser Goes: the Generals Remain. By Theodor Plivier. Translated by A. W. Wheen. Faber. 7s. 6d.

THIS is the story, in the form of a novel—tense, dramatic and imaginative, but based broadly on fact—of the Revolution which took place in Germany in November, 1918. Two introductory chapters on "The Rulers" and "The Ruled" describe the situation towards the end of October, when the German armies were in full retreat on the Western Front, and the German people had become thoroughly dispirited and longed for peace. We are shown the reaction of Ludendorff and other generals to that situation, as well as that of the Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden, Ebert, Scheidemann and other political leaders of the time. There is an ominous depression throughout the Army and among the members of the Government which is more than reflected in the attitude of the people, no longer quite passive under their sufferings.

Next comes the tale of the Kiel mutinies. At the very hour when Liebknecht was advocating mass revolution, the German Fleet had received the order to put to sea to attack the British Fleet. But there is a strange apathy on the part of the German stokers and sailors. The time fixed for sailing passes, and presently it is known that the fires have been put out on the Koenig Albert and other vessels of the Third Squadron, while at the docks the crews have abandoned ship. But the mutiny appears to fizzle out overnight, and hundreds of men are arrested next morning and sent to gaol; the movement had lacked organisation, and there was no outstanding leader. The order to the Fleet, however, was cancelled. After a short calm disturbances break out on shore, and organisation is now manifest in "committees" of soldiers as well as sailors who fraternise. The local Navy and Army authorities are paralysed; Noske, the Socialist, becomes the leader of the malcontents. The movement spreads inland and to other ports—Hamburg, Bremen; it reaches Berlin on November 8, and becomes more or less general all over Germany. The Revolution is in full swing!

All that part of the story, despite its being crowded with figures, is extraordinarily vivid; hardly less so is the narrative of the struggle in the capital for power among the Social Democrats, the Independents and the Spartacists—the Pinks and the Reds; of the tardy, grudging abdication of the Kaiser at Spa; and of the emergence from the ruck of Ebert as Chancellor in succession to Prince Max. The day of the Monarchy is over! But is it? For the generals remain. The book closes on that note. The telephone rings in the Chancellery. "Ebert speaking." "Groener speaking." Quartermaster-General Groener has consulted his staff and discussed the matter with Field-Marshal Hindenburg; the Army asks Ebert's support for the restoration of its lost authority, and Ebert agrees. The Officers' Corps invites his Government to fight Bolshevism, and places itself at his disposal. Ebert accepts. The Revolution is thus definitely Socialist, not Communist; it is the generals who have won!

R.M.

Novels in Brief

The Body in the Pound. By Oliver Martyn. Eldon Press. 7s. 6d.

HIS praise of Audit ale betrays Mr. Martyn's spiritual home. We welcome the clue and applaud the appearance in the lists of detective fiction of one who knows his Racine and his Pascal. "The Body in the Pound" is an ingenious tale, worked out with much plausibility, and written in a bright graceful style that is a pleasure in itself. Its thrills are good enough to tickle the most hardened palate. We confidently recommend Mr. Martyn's book as distinctly above the average, and not least for a dénouement that is as legitimate as unexpected.

Superintendent Wilson's Cases. By G. D. H. and M. Cole. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

IT would be affectation to praise again the four novels that make this satisfying book. Mr. and Mrs. Cole are admirable collaborators and their quiet, penetrating Superintendent of the C.I.D. has won innumerable friends among the reading public. Of the works included in the volume our favourite is "Corpse in Canonicals," as perhaps the most surprising in conception and classic in form. But this is a matter of individual choice.

Death Rocks the Cradle. By Paul Martens. Collins. 7s. 6d.

MARTENS has written a curious, but interesting novel which would have been more effective if he had been rather more definite as to his intention. The beginning of the book holds the attention, and the reader suffers a serious disappointment when he is transported to the strange country of Salabria which may or may not be the smallest of the seven planets revolving round the sun Betel. Presumably it exists in the sub-conscious of a man in deadly fear of an operation. If this idea had been made clearer, the description of the horrors in Mr. Marten's Utopia would have been more thrilling. "Death Rocks the Cradle" is certainly a book to order from the library, and it may be that the reader will find a better explanation of its meaning than the present reviewer.

Crime in Kensington. By C. St. John Sprigg. Eldon Press. 7s. 6d. net.

NOT only crime, but a fascinating evening's reading, even though you may not live in so aristocratic a neighbourhood as that adjoining the Garden Hotel, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Budge, and visited at the beginning of the story by Charles Venables, once attached to the most thrilling and perhaps the most important bureau of the League of Nations and now Society gossip writer on the "Mercury." Out of the hidden peculiarities of the Garden Hotel, seemingly so humdrum, Mr. St. John Sprigg has woven an exceedingly cunning entertainment, in which big human passions are lightly intermingled with horror and with comedy, and yet not so artificially as to seem unnatural. "Crime in Kensington" is that comparatively *rara avis*—a detective story constructed on a basis of probability, in which the characters behave like real men and women.

CORRESPONDENCE

Income Tax and Co-operative Societies

SIR,—In reference to your excellent article in this week's issue, there is one effective, simple way of dealing with the Co-operative Societies. Let them pay a tax on turnover. A penny in the £ on the turnover, putting it at, say, 300 million pounds would produce one and a quarter millions, or half a million more than the trivial sum asked for by the Chancellor. It would avoid the excessive labour which would be involved in taxing the Societies on the ordinary basis. Their method of business is exceptional and justifies a departure from ordinary modes of assessment. It would stop dodging.

A BIRMINGHAM SOLICITOR.

Trial by Jury

SIR,—I desire to call the attention of your readers to the fact that one of the most valued and sacred planks of our Constitution is threatened with abrogation and extinction. I allude to trial-by-jury. Trial-by-jury has been one of the most potent safeguards of our liberties as citizens since the time of King Ethelred. Our Judges have always been jealous of juries. The General Council of the Bar recently passed the following resolution:—"This Council views with apprehension the proposed abrogation of the rights of trial-by-jury in civil actions, as being against the public interest, and is of opinion that no curtailment of such rights should be effected except by Act of Parliament."

It would be a sorry day for the litigant if he were handed over to the *ipse dixit* of a Judge. In upwards of 100 cases set down for trial at the present Sessions only three are to be tried by jury. As citizens we must defend our rights and the rights of posterity.

Burgess Hill.

J. P. BACON PHILLIPS.

Autres Mœurs

SIR,—That the niceties of foreign languages are a difficult thing to master sounds like a commonplace assertion; and surely this very letter stands as a further proof of it.

"The Children's Hour (or French as she is spoken)" What meaning they give in Germany to the words *chambre séparée*, I am not in a position to ascertain. But there can be no doubt whatever that the French expression *chambre séparée* alludes to that state of intimate life ("intimacy" would hardly fit here), when husband and wife decide at night to retire to "separate resting places."

Even an apparently ill-fated bachelor, such as I, may have gathered sufficient knowledge in the matter to infer that the resorting to *chambre séparée* or else to *cabinet particulier* cannot possibly imply similar purposes in both cases.

"Those knobs (or *Si parla Italiano*)."

Whilst the whimsical turning of diminuendos into unexpected crescendos or sforzandos remains within the limits of a kid's possibilities, I venture to point out that the making of staccatos out of legatos, or vice versa, must amount to a wonderful achievement, probably outside the reach of the cleverest "balancing controller."

With apologies for this uncalled-for intrusion from a Frenchman who happens at once to delight in English reading and to take a keen interest in musical affairs.

18, Rue Chabaud, Reims, France.

J. M. LEROY.

Waste?

SIR,—Your note of the week on Lord Knebworth's death will lead people to ask "What is the use of air 'Pageants,'" and why should one of the most talented and promising men we had, with a great career before him, be flying as a "Territorial," in "rehearsal" for such a show?

There ought to be someone, or some kind of a Staff, to prevent such things.

New University Club.

GEORGE MILSTED.

Circumstances Alter Cases

SIR.—The Oath of Allegiance, an essential part of the so-called Anglo-Irish Treaty, has been abolished by the Free State republican Government with a contemptuous disregard of the other party to the contract.

One of the arguments advanced by De Valera for its removal was that "the Oath was inconsistent with the sovereign rights of the people, a large section of whom did not agree with the taking of an oath of allegiance to a foreign King."

This eternal mouthing about allegiance to a "foreign King" comes very badly from the half-breed President of His Majesty's Irish Free State Executive Council, for when in 1916 he himself was sentenced to death for his part in the Irish rebellion, it was considered to be in no wise inconsistent with his own dignity or with the national dignity or with the "sovereign rights of the people" to approach the Imperial Government on his behalf with the view to saving his life. A foreign nationality was claimed for him, and as a result the foreign King exercised the Royal prerogative of mercy in his favour and the half-breed's life was spared. This, too, while dozens of Irish dupes (including a relative of my own) were either mounting the scaffold or facing a firing squad.

Had De Valera gone to the scaffold, as he ought to have done, Republics and Oaths of Allegiance would trouble him little to-day, and Ireland would have been saved much tribulation and suffering.

London.

JOSEPHINE M. O'CONNELL.

Telephones—More Telephones!

SIR.—The Postmaster General, I understand, wishes to encourage the telephone habit. Could he not provide the shopping centre of London with a few more kiosks? To-day I was lunching in a large restaurant near Oxford Street, and for its hundred customers it provided just one telephone. Five anxious people were waiting for their turn when I remembered the urgency of ringing up a certain number. I sallied out and a policeman directed me to a melancholy little box tucked away in a corner of Hanover Square. There were six people waiting, and I hope that the fair sex will excuse the insult if I say that I abandoned hope when I saw that four of them were women. There was nothing for it but to push on to Oxford Tube station: there again all the boxes were occupied, with several would-be speakers waiting, and another five minutes passed before I got my call.

33, Circus Road Mans.

D. WATTS.

Uncertificated Teachers

SIR.—I see that the uncertificated or, in plain English, unqualified teachers have once more set out their astonishing claim to be paid the same salary as their qualified colleagues. The average salary of a qualified teacher is about £300 a year, and that of an unqualified teacher about £200 or rather less. The union which represents the unqualified teachers maintains that they are doing as good work as the others, and therefore ought to be paid the same salary. Obviously the claim to equality of work cannot be proved, and it is not made by disinterested parties. Probably in many cases it is true. Teachers, like poets, are often born, not made, and it is notorious that academic qualifications, with half the alphabet attached, cannot make a man keep order in a class-room. But it is surely a preposterous claim that in the teaching profession alone, absence of qualifications should be no handicap. Anyone with any knowledge of the law is aware that in a solicitor's office it is often the managing clerk who knows most law and keeps the business together. But he is not paid as much as the partners, and if he wants to be so paid his first step is to get qualified. So with the uncertificated teachers. Let them pass the certificate examination, and if they can't, let them stop grumbling, and thank Heaven for a well-paid and safe job.

X.Y.Z.

FILMS

BY MARK FORREST

The Virtuous Isidore. Directed by Bernard Deschamps. Academy.

Pleasure Cruise. Directed by Frank Tuttle. New Gallery.

LAST Friday the Academy cinema was to have presented the German picture, "Morganrot," but because of Hitler's treatment of the Jews in Germany, the race over here have decided not to encourage the exhibition of German pictures, so "Red Dawn" was banned. Hitherto I had thought that art was a free bird which flew where it liked and landed on its merits, paying no attention to political quarrels, but apparently a tit-for-tat policy has won the day, and the public over here must curb its appetite until Hitler and his satellites have satisfied theirs. However, I don't suppose the German Government will worry its head unduly, as it has already shown itself not too well disposed towards this submarine picture because the sentiments uttered in it are too pacifist. There is nothing the matter with the production from an artistic point of view except the slowness of the tempo in places.

A Reward of Virtue

So far the French have let the Jews alone, so the British public is graciously allowed to see the screen adaptation of de Maupassant's "Le Rosier de Madame Husson" in place of the German film. Under the title of "The Virtuous Isidore," Madame Husson's May King has been turned into a very amusing picture. Some music and a few modern touches have been added, while de Maupassant's unsatisfactory ending for the cinematic point of view has been strengthened, otherwise the story of the village oaf, who was proclaimed May King and given five hundred francs because he was the most virtuous inhabitant, has been closely followed.

Virtue No Longer

His fall from grace after the award is handled as only the French can handle these exotic situations, and one comes away neither wiser nor better, but certainly a more cheerful person. The direction is by Mr. Deschamps, and he has got the most out of the ludicrous business, but the introduction of at any rate one of the songs is not a happy inspiration and the feet of film employed upon this excrescence would have been better devoted to building up still further the bovine Isidore, who is excellently played by Fernandel.

"Pleasure Cruise" was an amusing play, and the screen adaptation at the New Gallery has plenty of laughs in it, but in spite of Rowland Young's presence the picture does not run too smoothly. This may be the fault of Genevieve Tobin, who is not too well cast as the wife who wants experience and finds the truth of the old Latin tag. Her performance is not brittle enough for this airy trifle, while Una O'Connor and Herbert Mundin in the subsidiary parts have not enough straw with which to make bricks.

CITY.—BY OUR CITY EDITOR

INTERNATIONAL events have so obscured the trade and financial outlook that, it must be confessed, the City has come to adopt a Micawber-like attitude which has been rewarded by one or two favourable " somethings " turning up. The April Clearing Bank averages gave little sign of improving trade, with a further rise in deposits and a shrinkage in advances, but the reduction of 91,000 in the unemployment figures is more heartening. America's inflation gamble is, as expected, having the immediate effect of raising commodity prices in the United States, with consequent activity and a real rise in prices on this side of the Atlantic which has so far more than offset the fall in the dollar in terms of sterling and francs. When low stocks of commodities have been replenished it will need something more than inflationary influences to maintain this demand, and the City is hoping that the International Economic Conference will by then have achieved some restoration of world confidence. Stock Markets have responded to the commodity rise, gilt-edged issues being dull with some speculative holders closing their accounts even prior to the appearance of the new £12,000,000 4 per cent. India Loan issued at 97½, while industrials have come in for considerable attention, textile shares having been outstanding this week. Tin Mining shares have also advanced on the big rise in the metal, and, though gold shares have been a hesitant market, a feature in the bullion dealings has been the heavy premium on gold owing to Continental hoarding.

Industrial Results

There has been good buying of Dunlop Rubber Company's stock, partly owing to the rise in the price of rubber but mainly owing to the strong position revealed by the company's accounts for the year 1932. The profit for that year was £1,542,430, compared with £1,181,503 for 1931, and the directors fulfilled market expectations by announcing a dividend of 4 per cent. on the ordinary stock, the first distribution for eighteen months. Over £560,000 has been allowed for depreciation and obsolescence and £50,000 added to the amount carried forward. Bank balances, deposits and cash at £3,245,225 show an increase of £1,500,000, the amounts due from the subsidiary companies having been reduced, an indication of their stronger financial position. In 1931 there was a loss of £156,125 on exchange, but in 1932 this item resulted in a profit of almost an equivalent amount which, with capital profits amounting in all to £339,376, has been placed to reserve against the item " shares in subsidiary companies. "

The British Match Corporation, which holds all the ordinary share capital of Bryant & May, Ltd., received from that company a special bonus dividend of £150,000 for the past year which has been used to strengthen reserves. The net trading revenue of £418,633 compares with £442,597 for the previous year, when £50,000 was placed to reserve, which now receives the special windfall referred to above. The dividend is maintained at 6 per cent., free of tax, for the year, and the balance sheet shows a liquid position with cash and Government securities at nearly £470,000.

Eagle Star Insurance

The accounts of the Eagle, Star & British Dominions Insurance Company for 1932 make a good showing, general, motor, fire and employers' liability accounts all returning increased profits, motor business yielding a profit of £43,509 compared with £29,126 in the previous year. Nothing fails to be brought in this year from life account, and the amount available is £323,331 compared with £456,994 a year ago when the amount included a transfer of £150,000 from reserve and sums of £225,000 had to be applied to investments and exchange reserve. For the past year £25,000 is added to fire reserve and the carry forward increased by £59,000 after payment of the usual 20 per cent. dividend. Changes in the company's capital are proposed by which the preference capital is to be increased to £1,000,000 in 4 per cent. cumulative preference shares, the existing 6 per cent. shareholders being given 50 per cent. more capital and the interest rate on the whole being reduced to 4 per cent., the shares being subdivided from £3 to £1 nominal value; £816,994 of the new 4 per cent. shares will remain for public subscription at par. The fixed cumulative dividend on the preferred shares, at present entitled to 8 per cent., with a further 2 per cent. as participating dividend, will be raised to 10 per cent. as compensation for the additional preference capital ranking before the preferred shares.

National Fixed Trust

The Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company, trustees for the National Fixed Investment Trust, announce the second half-yearly income distribution on the latter's certificates on Monday next at the rate of 6.18d. per sub-unit. The Fixed Trust idea is comparatively new to this country, but is of particular interest to the small investor who wishes conveniently to spread his risk. By investing in the sub-units of a fixed trust it is possible to secure a share in a carefully-selected holding of securities of different classes, the list in the case of the National Fixed Investment Trust making most impressive reading. Dividends accruing on the investments are collected and dis-

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tributed to the sub-unit holders by the trustees. Prices of the sub-units are determined by the Stock Exchange valuation of the investments held, the price being published each day, so that a free market for the sub-units is assured. For stability of income and capital security the scheme certainly commends itself, provided always that the management of the Trust is in safe hands, as in the case of the National.

Havana Cigar Finance

Melbourne, Hart & Co., the Havana cigar importers, paid a dividend of 5 per cent. tax-free for 1932, compared with 20 per cent. for the previous year, and at the annual meeting the Chairman of the company explained that the business had had to be reorganised owing to the removal of the proprietors of the American controlled brands from Havana to New York. The directors wisely decided that the lower price for these brands would hardly be compensation for the loss of Havana quality, and the company is, in consequence, now devoting its energies to marketing the "Punch" Havana brand and the "Hoyo de Monterrey" Havana cigar, for which brands it is best known.

The Saturday Acrostics

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 34

TWO CLASSES DIFFERING IN FORCE OF BRAIN
AS SLENDER PACK-THREAD FROM AN IRON CHAIN.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK'S THE TYPE OF ONE,
AND OF THE OTHER, "PHILIP'S WARLIKE SON."

1. Your carious molar can't resist their might.
2. Unless he makes it, he'll be beaten quite.
3. Light 1 is one—that all men must allow.
4. Ridden by boys who punch the Western cow.
5. Books are his care, his heart's delight are books.
6. Than this, no viand better known to cooks.
7. In much, much grief! Thus did The Preacher write.
8. Heart of malignant female water-sprite.
9. O birdie, what a monstrous beak is thine!
10. Thick as the sediment of beer or wine.
11. Weird, strange—a word our modern writers love.
12. Claimed kinship with the blessed ones above.

SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC No. 33.

M	o	r	p	h	e	u	S
h	E	a	P	P	e	c	
	P	e	c	c	a	a	
	H	a	c	c	t	e	
g	I	l	a	a	t	e	
S	g	a	t	t	e		
T	a	n	l	o			
s	m	g	e	a			
O	e	a	l	d			
P	l	g	a				
H	e	e	o				
E	m	i					
L	i	s					
E	e	p					
S	t	h					
	o	e					
	n	e					
	w	e					
	e	w					
	a	a					
	l	l					

The winner of Acrostic No. 32 (the first correct solution opened) was Lady Whitaker, to whom a book will be sent.

If you, or any of your loved ones, have suffered from a "stroke," the dread Epilepsy, or, even worse, Encephalitis Lethargica, (Sleepy Sickness), Brain Tumour, Infantile Paralysis or Creeping Palsy, you may feel a close sympathy with the patients of

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Next Week's Broadcasting

ONE of the most interesting of next week's programmes will be given on May 17th at 5.15 p.m. (National and Regional), when the Children's Hour visits the Zoo. Not every visitor to the Zoo has heard the rattle of the rattlesnake, the mournful hooting of the gibbons, or been present when the laughing jackass or the laughing hyena were in full bleat, but on these occasions the Zoo authorities and the keepers take extra pains to see that their charges come up to scratch—metaphorically speaking.

To some of us who always associate the Zoo with the late Leslie Mainland the broadcast will

not be without its touch of sadness. I had the pleasure of accompanying him on his jaunt for two years in succession, and on each occasion, owing to the zeal of an attendant in keeping the general public away from the scene of operations, we were locked in the elephant house. As we had to be back at our temporary studio in the Reptile House at 5.50 for "Birthdays" the delay—to say nothing of the din—was almost unbearable. Reading "Birthdays" in the Reptile House gives one a queer sort of feeling, but then "Unclung" is a queer sort of job.

I strongly advise everybody to listen next Wednesday, because, as Leslie used to say, "Zoo stories are true stories."

ALAN HOWLAND.

Public Schools

ALDENHAM SCHOOL

A N Examination will be held on June 1-3 for Entrance Scholarships, varying from £30 to £40, for boys under 15 on May 1st. For particulars apply to the Headmaster, Aldenham School, Elstree.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE

A N examination will be held on 6th and 7th June, 1933, to elect to eight Scholarships varying in value from £80 to £15 a year. Full particulars on application to the Headmaster.

KELLY COLLEGE, TAVISTOCK

SCHOLARSHIPS and Exhibitions £60-£10. Examination, June 20, 21 at Preparatory School: Age, under 14 on 1st July. Ordinary fees £123 p.a. inclusive. Apply the Rev. the Headmaster.

TAUNTON SCHOOL, TAUNTON

A N examination will be held on June 13th and 14th for the award of four Entrance Scholarships: One value £80 per annum; one value £60 per annum; two value £40 per annum. All details from the Headmaster.

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BELL, Town Clerk.

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DRUITWICH SPA. Park Hotel. Telephone: Droitwich 33.

DRUITWICH SPA. Raven Hotel. Telephone: Droitwich 50.

FRESHWATER.—Freshwater Bay Hotel, Freshwater, Isle of Wight. Telephone 47.

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